THE DEVIL CHAIR

A Chronicle of the Strange Adventures of John Haynes and His Gyroscope Vehicle

THE FIRST VICTIM

By H. M. EGBERT

"The devil-chair" had become a standing headline in the American papers. Each hour rumors were multiplied about the travels of the mysterious desperado who had affixed a gyroscope to an invalid's chair and, running upon a single wheel at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, was pillaging and murdering. He was reported from Philadelphia, from Baltimore, from Pittsburgh. Every strange robbery, every unsolved murder mystery in the eastern portion of the United States was laid to his charge. In every city the police were searching for him; cripples were arrested; ropes were stretched at night across highways, to the detriment of many thousand dollars' worth of automobiles and horse flesh. But no sign of the desperado was evident, no clue was obtainable.

Had the truth been known, public opinion would have veered as strongly toward John Haynes as it now directed itself against him. For it was upon the satisfaction of private feuds that he had bent all the energies of a mind soured by imprisonment and embittered by wrongs. Robbed of vast lands in a western state through the machinations of a gang of scoundrels, railroaded to the penitentiary at Nokomis Falls and paralyzed by a treacherous bullet, he had made a gyroscope in the prison machine shop, had effected his escape, had entered New York and obtained five thousand dollars from one of those who had betrayed him, had escaped the police, and now, bent upon a clue which should bring back to him the missing wife and daughter whom he had never seen since the dramatic climax of the conspiracy against him five years before, he was hiding in the Adirondack wilderness, far from trails and human habitations, in a deserted cabin, waiting for the hue and cry to die down before proceeding to Grand Valley, where he had reason to believe his daughter was to be found.

He had made his marvelous vehicle out of an old invalid's chair which he had found in an abandoned barn, and now, in the solitude of the wilderness, he planned his movements with a precision worthy of the man who had escaped from the penitentiary in so daring a way. Grand Valley lay only twenty-five miles distant from where he lurked, but to reach it he must pass through a populous farming territory, which, crippled and paralyzed as he was, he could not hope to traverse in that vehicle for which the entire country was searching. So day by day he ate his heart out in loneliness, longing for the daughter whom he had not seen since she grew to womanhood. In the end he wheeled the chair to the edge of the forest land, hid it in a clump of trees not far from the highroad, and crawled on his crutches by night toward his destination. Once in Grand Valley, he might pass unnoticed; but on the roadside a cripple would be an object of suspicious attention. The journey occupied him three nights; he lay all day in hedges and swamps.

He had but one clue by which to find Eleanor; the name of Jack Poole, one of the least of his enemies—a treacherous friend who had urged him to the duel in which, with an empty pistol, he confronted the assassin whose bullet, entering his spine, left him helpless and paralyzed below the waist. Poole, uneasy of conscience, and growing old, had sold out his interest in the plundered property to the land gang, and had retired to play the part of village magnate in his native town.

In his real estate office Jack Poole was staring, terror stricken, at two telegrams in front of him. A weak and corpulent old man, with heavy white cheek-beard and snug, apoplectic visage, the shock of these messages had temporarily benumbed his faculties. They had arrived five days before, and never since their arrival had he dared face the world; sleepless, unshaven, he had crept from room to room of his mansion, fighting with imaginary enemies and terrors that he could not down. On the fifth morning he shaved and dressed himself, and, with a strong effort of will, went to his office again. Now, shut up in the large room with its glass partition, behind which his stenographers worked busily, he read those telegrams for the fiftieth times.

One was from Frank Staples, the Brooklyn lawyer from whom Haynes had obtained the five thousand dollars. In veiled and guarded language it recounted the episode and ended with a personal warning.

The other was from Ricardo, an Italian spy, who had served with Haynes in the penitentiary. It told of the man's escape and of the terrible machine to which Haynes owed his liberty. "See newspapers!" he ended.

And on his desk the newspapers of the past five days were spread before his eyes; in the black headlines Poole read his own approaching disaster.

His first plan was to fly; but under the stimulus of strong potations of brandy his courage revived. At the end of an hour he had mapped out his scheme. He could not warn the police, for that would call attention to his own part in the conspiracy which had been formed to wrest the land from his victim, but he knew that even in Grand Valley a sharp watch had been set for the arrival of the devil-chair and its devilish occupant. He was determined now to brazen out the affair. Once the confederates had put Haynes away; they could do it again. He slipped a pistol into his pocket and called his stenographer.

"Miss Haynes!" he shouted.

She came in immediately; a pretty, fair-haired girl, carrying a sheaf of papers.

"Never mind that, Eleanor," he said, leering at her. "Sit down. I want to talk to you, my dear."

She shot a swift glance at him; she saw that he had been drinking again. On such occasions her fear of him would almost overmaster her. She would have left him long ago—but she was his ward. She was penniless, helpless, ignorant of the world of business outside the Grand Valley. Jack Poole had meant to keep her so.

"Come here, my dear," said Poole, stretching out his arms toward her. "Do you know you are growing into a devilishly pretty girl?"

"Please, Mr. Poole!" she said imploringly.

"Please nothing!" he retorted. "See here, you imp, haven't you any gratitude in your make-up? Didn't I drag you out of the gutter and adopt you, put you to school, and take you into my office when you left last year? And when you refused to live in my house and went to that cheap boarding place I stood for it, I—"

"I left your house, Mr. Poole, when your wife left you," she answered with dignity. "I could not have stayed under the circumstances; you must know that."

"Well, suppose you did have to conciliate these narrow people in Grand Valley," he grumbled, "is that any reason why you should refuse to act as my ward? Ain't you the same as a daughter to me? And haven't you refused to be seen with me in public, or to have dinner with me—yes, even at a restaurant?"

"Please, Mr. Poole—"

"Please, Mr. Poole!" he mimicked. "I'm mighty tired of this ingratitude, you—" He checked himself upon the mouthing of a vile epithet. "The devil! What d'you suppose I've fed you and clothed you and educated you for all these years? Ain't you going to show any sense? Now see here," he said, rising and staggering toward her, "I'm going to end this nonsense. You're going to have dinner with me in a private room at Bezard's next Friday evening, at seven, and afterward—well, I'll tell you what when we meet there. And if you defy me, you can look for another job. And let me tell you this, you won't get one in Grand Valley. And I suppose you haven't saved up too much money on that five dollars a week?" he sneered.

"Now you think it over," he grumbled. "You needn't show yourself here again at all. If you act sensible and meet me at Bezard's, you'll come back to my house and live in luxury; if you don't you'd better get out of town. And there'll be a new stenographer in your place tomorrow."

She had risen, pale and terrified; she moved toward the door. Poole would have detained her, but into his drink-soaked brain there stole the shadow of his fears, those fears which he had forgotten in the excitement of his chase. He grunted and turned back to his desk.

Finally, with a groan, he tore the telegrams into small pieces and burned them in his ash-tray. He called across the partition:

"Miss Mills, see that no more newspapers are put on my desk until I tell you. I'm tired of them—I don't want to see any more. I'm sick of this 'devil-chair' business," he muttered drunkenly, as he put on his hat and staggered into the hall.

He did not notice the crippled man who slowly thumped his way, on crutches, along the street behind him. If he had done so he would not have remembered him. But, though the cripple saw him, he had no concern with him just then; he was striving desperately to keep in sight that little figure that moved dejectedly along Main street.

"How long d'you want a room for?" asked Mrs. Thompson, of No. 27 Grand avenue, looking suspiciously upon the cripple at the door. He was not overwell attired, he had no baggage, and under his long overcoat was a bulging package shaped like an enormous wheel.

"Just for two or three days," said the cripple apologetically. "I'm a working man," he added, seeing her glance at the instrument which he was carrying, "a wheelwright. I'm on a job in town and I got separated from my suitcase. But I can pay you in advance," he said, "and I won't want to sit at your table unless you'd like me."

"It'll be four dollars for the week's rent," snapped Mrs. Thompson. "I only rent by the week, and if you stay part of a week that counts as a whole one. And my table's full." She received a proffered five dollar bill, gave him his change, and conducted him up the stairs, a shade more graciously. "You can have the large room on the second," she said. "No, not that one—there's a young lady in there. Take your ease, Mr. —"

"Tupman," said the cripple, quietly.

"Take your ease, Mr. Tupman, in getting up them stairs. You'll pardon me if I'm a bit short at first—you know we're all scared to death about the devil-chair."

She watched her roomer into his chamber, and then tapped at the door adjacent. "Well, you've got a neighbor, Miss Haynes," she said. "He's a mechanic—though how he mechanics with both his legs helpless beats me. However, he seems a quiet sort of chap, and he's only going to stay a few days, so you won't mind?"

She looked keenly at Eleanor. The girl had been crying. The landlady sniffed, for she felt certain that some man must be the cause. She had a profound contempt for men, and relationship to Mr. Poole, she was well aware, was something it was not always discreet to question. Mrs. Thompson sniffed again, more loudly, and so passed out of history.

It was on a Thursday evening that the cripple stopped at Miss Haynes' door. He had made her acquaintance during those two days of suffering; he had known his child at once when he saw her leaving the office of Poole, and had pondered long how to disclose himself. On this evening, seeing the door ajar, he stopped. Eleanor came out; she looked woebegone, and she had been crying again. A rush of anger swept away his hesitation. Who was the man who dared to make his daughter cry?

"You're in trouble, Miss Haynes," he stammered. "Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Oh, no," she answered, holding out her hands impulsively. "You don't know how I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Tupman. Won't you come in a moment?" she asked, and, when he accepted her invitation eagerly, she continued half hysterically:

"It must seem strange to you—it must, asking a stranger in. But—you'll think me foolish, but you remind me of my dear father. If there were any hope that he was alive, I should believe you were my father," she went on. "But what nonsense I'm talking. I don't know what you'll think of me—I'm in trouble, and not quite self-possessed—"

She broke off in confusion. Haynes seated himself quietly at her side.

"Your father is dead?" he asked.

She began to cry softly. "He was drowned, with my mother, in that terrible accident to the excursion boat at Nokomis, five years ago. It was a terrible shock to me; I had not even known that they were aboard until their bodies were identified among the burned victims in the hold of the ship. My father and mother were English; he had brought us to America to claim some large landed property, and his lawyer sent him an urgent telegram to bring my mother to the steamship office before the boat sailed. They had to verify some deeds at Illington, up the river, before noon. I was out of the house at the time the message arrived, and they could not wait for me. I never saw them again."

Haynes felt the muscles of his hands contract involuntarily. The plot had been blacker than he had suspected. While they had lured him away on that last morning of his freedom, the scoundrels had also contrived in some way to separate the women. Doubtless his wife, if she still lived, believed him and her daughter dead.

Gradually he drew from her the story of her trouble. He learned, partly from what she told him, partly by inference, that, having separated the women, the conspirators had determined to keep the girl in such a state of tutelage that she should be unable to prosecute a search for her mother—in case she suspected or learned anything afterward. When in the bitterness of her distress, she found herself, as she imagined, alone in the world, the scoundrel Poole had adopted her, taken her hundreds of miles from Nokomis to this remote town near the Canadian border, and put her to school. When she emerged, he had taken her into his home. When, terrified by the character of the place in which she found herself, Eleanor Haynes had attempted to escape, rather than lose sight of her, Poole had given her a position in his office, keeping her salary so low that she could save nothing nor every hope to leave Grand Valley.

But her beauty and ingenuous innocence had attracted him. For months he had pursued her with his attentions; every repulse only accentuated his resolution to win her. Finally, so desperate had his passion become, that he had risked all on a single throw. He had threatened her with dismissal, hoping to win her through fear, since by love he could not do so.

When he had drawn out this story from her Haynes nerved himself for the disclosure. He took her hands in his, and, trustfully, she allowed him.

"Miss Haynes," he said, in a choking voice, "your troubles with Poole seem very big to you. But they are nothing to the troubles that confront all of us as we grow older. Can you be brave enough to hear what I am going to tell you without emotion? And do you trust me?"

She looked steadily into his eyes.

"Yes, I would trust you anywhere, Mr. Tupman," she answered. "I only have to look at your eyes to know that. Bad people have shifty, cowardly eyes; yours are quite steady and clear."

"Still, it will be a shock," he answered, smiling ever so little. "Now, nerve yourself to bear it. You told me I reminded you of your father. I am your father."

She looked at him a moment longer, and then she flung her arms round his neck and burst into passionate sobs. "I knew it all the time," she cried. "I knew it; I wouldn't trust my heart, but I knew you were."

And in her calm acceptance of his statement he read an infinite courage; but also an infinite trustfulness that made him afraid. And for long they talked of the past, and he revealed himself by many little reminiscences that would have convinced her beyond doubt, had she ever doubted.

"And now, Eleanor," he said, kissing her fondly, "do you know you have not asked me where your mother is?"

"If you wanted me to know you would have told me," she answered. "No, don't tell me, my dear. I know—I know that she is dead."

In the strength of this new happiness of hers she had not even questioned him. The shock, silently as it had been received, had numbed her senses. But now she began to question eagerly, and Haynes told her.

He told her how he had been inveigled away to fight a duel with the fellow who had insulted her mother, being assured by his false friend Poole that the custom of America demanded it; how, when lying senseless, paralyzed by the bullet, he had been carried to a low quarter of the town and placed beside the body of a murdered man; how he had been tried as Pete Timmons, a gang leader, and, by a corrupt judge and through the machinations of a corrupt lawyer, sentenced to the penitentiary for 14 years; lastly, how he had escaped and come to search for her. But he did not tell her about the "devil-chair."

He had detached the gyroscope and brought it with him into Grand valley, but he saw now that he would be unlikely to need it. For, when she unfolded her story, a new plan had taken possession of him. This vengeance upon Poole must now be doubly sacred. And because he had struck at the daughter as well as at the father, he would use Eleanor as the instrument of his revenge.

If the man had been wholly sane he would have spared her that; perhaps, too, if she had refused, his senses would have come back to him. But when he told her all he was amazed at the revelation of her nature. The timid girl became a daughter possessed with the resolution of vengeance for her father's sufferings. The fantasy of a universal revenge on all who had been privy to the plot communicated itself to her with double intensity.

She did not know he meant to kill each of his enemies; her confidence in him was so profound that she accepted blindly the task which he imposed upon her. Yet Haynes knew well that Poole must die, and that he would be the first of his victims. He would not use the law; personal vengeance, nurtured in his prison cell, had become a madness in his brain.

"You will meet him, then, at the restaurant," he told the girl. "And after dinner you will accompany him wherever he shall decide. Have no fear; I shall be waiting outside the building. You have none, Eleanor?"

"No," she said, smiling up at him.

That night, with the strength of the mighty muscles of his right hand, Haynes worked over his revolver—an automatic Leuger. His plan was so clear that he knew it could not fail. If it should fail, if Poole refused his chance to renew his treachery, then the man should go free. Haynes would, in the end, leave the issue with heaven.

That night Poole slept well for the first time since he had received those fateful telegrams. His terror of his enemy had abated; a week or so had passed, and surely he had no further cause for dread. If indeed Haynes were pursuing his enemies, it was improbable that he would seek him out; perhaps he would be caught at his first attempt, if such there should be, and why should Haynes seek out the lesser conspirators, when the leaders remained unharmed? He could not guess that the spy Ricardo, the man who had shot Haynes, had told, in terror of death, of Eleanor's presence with Poole in that remote town.

He thought that he knew human nature; he was assured of it beyond cavil when he met Eleanor outside the restaurant at the appointed hour. And, seeing her, he chuckled and smiled, for in place of the girl he knew was a woman flushed, bold even, nerved to her part by that instinct which Haynes had awakened in her—and Poole mistook all this for self-surrender.

They entered the little dining place behind the curtains which had been reserved for them, and Eleanor laughed, even her repulsion for the man driven down by her determination. Poole, completely illusionized, patted her arm.

"You look fine, Puss, positively fine," he said ecstatically. "Why, I always thought you were such a timid little thing. And you were sly, devilishly sly, to hide yourself from me like that. So you always meant to come, eh?"

Eleanor nodded briskly.

"And you were holding out for something big—a rope of pretty pearls, now, or a diamond bracelet, eh?"

Eleanor nodded and laughed.

He grew more familiar as the dinner advanced and he became flushed with wine. She let him hold her hand and press his lips to it; she listened as he unveiled his propositions to her. She was to come back to him, of course, and as soon as he obtained his divorce they were to be married. Meanwhile, as his ward, she was to live in his house; they would return that very evening for his chauffeur was waiting outside.

The chauffeur was John Haynes. For, with $500 in his pocket, Poole's real chauffeur was waiting at the railroad station to take the night train to New York city.

But how was Poole to know that in the dark? Poole, drunk and flushed and triumphant, bearing Haynes' daughter on his arm and leering and chuckling.

"Home, George," he said thickly, and settled back in the automobile. His eyes blinked heavily, he muttered something, then his head fell on Eleanor's shoulder and he began to snore. The want of sleep had told on him during those days of fear; he had shrunken into a haggard old man, horrible to look upon.

This simplified John Haynes' plans, for, with his crippled leg, he had doubted his ability to cope with the man, should his suspicions become aroused. Now, slowing the machine, he leaned backward, and abandoning it for a moment, whispered:

"Have you found what I spoke of?"

"Yes, my dear," he heard her whisper, and through the darkness she stretched out one arm. In it was the pistol which Poole had carried since he had put his terrors behind him and resolved to face his fate manfully.

John Haynes twisted the automobile into the middle of the road and drew his automatic Leuger from his pocket. He placed it in Eleanor's hands.

"Slip it into his pocket," he said, and she obeyed, feeling the dead weight of the man on her shoulder as he collapsed drunkenly with the spring of the machine. He slept so soundly that it was not until the automobile stopped, 25 miles from Bezard's, that he awakened.

"Ain't we home yet, George?" he muttered, and opened his eyes wide. "Why, where the devil have you taken me, you fool?" he shouted wrathfully. "I don't see no lights nor nothing. Where is this? The Adirondacks?"

"Yes, Mr. Poole, the Adirondacks," Haynes answered, and limped heavily to the ground. He motioned his daughter away, and, advancing, confronted him. "Do you know me?" he asked.

He saw the drunkard peer eagerly at him as he stood leaning upon his crutch in the light of the acetylene lamps. He saw the drunken vacuousness pass from his features, and a look of terror succeed.

"I see you do," said Haynes.

Suddenly with an oath, Poole whipped out the revolver from his pocket—to find the cripple covering him. Hayne's hand did not waver, though he was bowed heavily upon his crutch.

"Put it back in your pocket, Poole," he said. "Now, speak, man. You know what I want to know."

In abject fear Poole trembled so that he could not speak.

"You dog!" said Haynes, trembling now so that his pistol mouth described wide circles—but Poole was too terrified to notice this—"you dog! What have you to say?"

"They used me as a tool," muttered the terrified old man. "Beyers and Robertson, and Frank Staples. Why should I bear the blame? I'll give you back what I can. You won't take the life of an old man?"

"What of my daughter?" Haynes roared, hobbling forward and pressing his enemy back against the wheel of the machine. "Yours was the dog's part, Poole. You lured me to what you thought would be my death, you whom I could have pardoned, had you fought like a man for your ill-gotten spoils. You sent that false telegram which lured my wife away. Where is she?"

In the extremity of his terror Poole found sense to make a bargain.

"I know, I know," he stammered. "But why should I tell you if I am going to die? Come, a bargain, Mr. Haynes. I haven't been all bad; I fed and cared for your girl all this time, even if I did lose my head over her at last. Other men have done that with other women," he babbled. "You won't hold that against the money I've spent on her? Now listen! a bargain. I'll tell you how to find your wife and give you back $20,000—I'll have to mortgage my home to do it—and you'll let me go. I'm an old man; I've got to die soon; it's no use having murder upon your hands."

Haynes regarded the shrinking figure with awful sternness; his pistol did not waver now.

"Poole," he said, "I'd hate to kill a thing so mean as you. I'd hate to send your naked soul shivering into the fires of hell before your time had come. I give you your life, Poole, and your money, too—that I shall get from the chief conspirators. Here are the conditions: you tell me where my wife is and you play fair with me. If you try treachery, it will recoil on you."

"I agree, I agree," shrilled Poole eagerly. "Chauncey E. Robertson knows; she's living and unharmed, and that's all I can tell you. Go to Chauncey in Benderville and play the same trick on him that you have played on me. He'll tell you—if you make him."

"She's living, then—thank God!" exclaimed John Haynes, and as though overcome by his emotion, he staggerd backward, letting his pistol fall.

There came a spurt of flame, the crack of the Luegar. Poole, seeing his enemy disarmed, had fired at him point blank. Eleanor ran forward, screaming. Then, seeing her father straighten himself upon his crutches and laugh, and point to the automobile. She followed his gaze fearfully.

Jack Poole lay on the steps of the machine. He was quite dead, for the bullet from the reversed Lueger had gone clean and straight through his right eye into his brain. John Haynes had not worked over it fruitlessly.

So, by his own treachery, the first of the conspirators came to his death.

Haynes flung the body into the road and placed his daughter in the automobile. Then, stepping among the trees, he drew out the devil-chair and deposited it in the tonneau beside the detached gyroscope. He looked at his watch.

"We can catch the Chicago train at Purfield in an hour and a half, Eleanor," he said. "You will go on alone. Here are $4,000." He placed the bills in her hands. "You must be brave, my dear, and play your woman's game like a man, confiding in no one, passing as a stenographer from the south, eager to find work. Place your funds in four different banks, get a position, and wait till you hear from me at the General postoffice. It may be in one week or not for a year. You are not afraid?"

"No," she answered, and though her face was white her voice was steady and clear. He kissed her fervently; then limping into his place, he drove furiously across the country toward their destination. At Purfield he hid the chair under the rugs, bought his daughter's ticket to Chicago, and helped her aboard the train; he waited till the read lights had vanished down the track. Then he drove into the wilderness again, removed the plate with its number, hid the machine in the depths of the forest, and, fastening the gyroscope to the invalid chair, entered it and whirled away westward.

"YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, MISS HAYNES" HE STAMMERED "ISNT THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?"

SHINING MARK IN COMMUNITY

Pen Sketch of "Prominent Citizen," as a Magazine Writer Views the Type.

A prominent citizen (according to Smart Set—Any male who owns a dress suit, is a member of two expensive clubs, is opposed to child labor, acts as honorary pallbearer at least four funerals a year; is a member of at least two public boards or commissions which never meet, prefers a musical comedy to "Tristan and Isolde," owns a "library edition" of Guy de Maupassant, bought from a book agent, regards all socialists as scoundrels, has a theory to account for all money panics, possesses only one wife, sends his children to Sunday school as a punishment for petty misdemeanors, believes in free will and the greatness of Charles Dickens, is (or wishes he were) director of a national bank, has his shoes shined every day, cultivates an illegible signature, thinks it is immoral for a workingman to get drunk on a Saturday night, contributes to all relief funds managed by newspapers, rides in a taxicab, constantly argues that the country is going to the dogs—and wears a stick.

Willie's Crime.

Mother—It shocks me awfully to think you took the penny. Remember, it is as much a sin to steal a penny as a dollar. Now, how do you feel, Willie?

Willie—Like a chump. There was a dollar right alongside the penny.

"Horse Sense."

Was the sojourn of Gulliver among the Houyhnhnms a fable, after all? The Society of Psychical Research listened to a remarkable report recently upon the education of horses, as conducted at Elberfeld, in Germany. Mr. Krall, who acts as "coach" to a select number of the species, brings his pupils to a remarkable proficiency, both in literature and mathematics. Their spelling shows a tendency to eliminate vowels, and they have not yet extracted the square root of anything beyond 144. But they are able to "write from dictation," and they have the multiplication table and more abstruse branches of arithmetic at what, in other circumstances, would be their fingers-end. The delegates of the Psychical Research society have seen these things for themselves, and find that they are "not in a position to give any definite solution of the problem." They seem to have found at Elberfeld that the "thinking horse" is not such a strange variety, after all. And in these days, when he only lags superfluous upon the stage of traffic, the leisure that he will enjoy for an intellectual career should enable his buried talents to be uncovered to the fullest advantage.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Grandma used to be an old lady who would throw a shawl over her shoulders and sit in a rocker and knit stockings all day. But, nowadays she puts on a nickel's worth of prepared chalk and follows the crowd.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOME TOWN HELPS

WILL DEVELOP CHILD MIND

Other Reasons for School Gardens Than Simple Idea of Creating Spots of Beauty.

It was Sam Jones who said he didn't care much for theology and botany, but that he believed in religion and loved flowers. This was getting back to nature and God in the only right way. And if the children of Washington can touch first principles by means of school gardens, they will have acquired a kind of knowledge that all the text books in the world could not impart.

Already the teachers of the district schools are preparing to repeat the experiences of previous years by having the pupils cultivate individual garden plots, in which will be grown the vegetables and other "sass" indigenous to this region. Little spaces will be wrested from back yards and the edges of the walks around the home and converted into squares and rectangles of utility and beauty. The growth of the tender plants will merge with the development of the child mind. A deeper interest in the wonders of nature will be stimulated. The sense of being engaged in something which furnishes its own daily proof of usefulness will make the little ones feel that they are an essential part of the general scheme. The lessons of life will find lodgment in manifold ways.

Theory and practise go together, and each is necessary to the other. The Squeersian system was not without its fine points, albeit it emphasized the concrete at the expense of the ideal. The school garden furnishes both. It has been the experience of teachers in the past that the dull pupil often finds in such pursuits as these the link that binds his inattentive mind to his books. At last he is able to understand the reason why. Calyx, stamen, pistil, corolla, all meaningless words before, become vital and significant. He finds that books tell about plants, and in the plants learns things that send him to his books again.

GETTING INTO THE COUNTRY

Exodus From Cities Is Powerful Reason for Making the Suburban Towns More Attractive.

This is the day of the suburb—more and more are the people of moderate means moving "out of town." It used to be that only the wealthy could enjoy green trees, grass and flowers. Now all this is changed because of the improvement in car service. Thirty years ago the man of means took the train to his suburban station—was met there and driven to his home. Now even those living on small incomes may enjoy the quiet, the sweet air, the wholesome environment of the "near" country life without its former expenses, and drawbacks. The electric cars, linking all large cities with a perfect circle of outlying settlements, have made this possible. Even the workingman has been thought of during the last decade and many comfortable houses within reach of his pocketbook can be found. There are no longer the old obstacles of no stores, no churches, no schools. These and all the other advantages of city life have followed the car lines. Fields, woods and streams are the playgrounds God meant for the children—not city pavements. The city is not too distant for amusements, shopping, culture and work. The country not too far for walks and picnics, health and happiness. Give the children some seeds and let them dig in the good, brown earth. Encourage them to climb trees, to swim, to notice the birds and flowers. You will not need to save so hard for summer vacations, a vacation at home will be a joy, healthgiving and restful. You will have good friends among your neighbors, plenty of wholesome amusement near at hand. Not only the children, but the other boys and girls will be healthier—and safer. The spring is calling—every bird and grass blade and swelling bud. By all means, let us answer, "Yes."—Exchange.

Betsy Ross House in a Park.

Sentiment is strikingly combined with utility in the suggestion that the Betsy Ross house in Philadelphia be made the center of a park by tearing down neighboring structures, which closely surround it.

One of the promoters of the project has found that within two years there have been 500 fire alarms within a radius of two squares of the house. It is estimated that $200,000 would be sufficient to provide for an open space 100 feet by 150 around the little building. Thus, at one stroke, the old house where the first American flag was made would be protected against fire, and a breathing space would be added in a part of the city where it will be increasingly needed and increasingly hard to get.

There is a hint here for other communities confronted by the same problem.

Annual Rainfall.

According to an estimate by Sir John Murray, the total annual rainfall upon all the land of the globe amounts to 29,347.4 cubic miles, and of this quantity 6,524 cubic miles drains off through rivers to the sea.

Retrospective.

"I have lived 67 years, last grass," confessed the Old Codger, "during which I can truthfully say that I have done little to be ashamed of and still less to be proud of."—Kansas City Star.